

# The Radical.

"OUR COUNTRY AND OUR COUNTRY'S WEAL."

BY I. ADAMS.

BOWLING-GREEN, PIKE COUNTY, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1844.

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[Selected for the Radical, by W. M. Newland.]

## HYMN.

### The Bower of Prayer.

To leave my dear friends, and from neighbors to part,  
And go from my home it affects not my heart,  
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day  
From that best retreat where I've chosen to pray.

Where I've chosen to pray,

Sweet bower where the pine and the poplar  
Were spread,  
And wove with their branches a roof o'er my head;

How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,  
And poured out my soul to my Savior in prayer,  
To my Savior in prayer.

How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the  
Pine,  
The ivy, the olive, the wild eglantine;  
Yet sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were,  
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer,  
In answer to prayer.

'Twas under the covert of that blessed grove,  
That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove;  
Presenting himself as the only true way  
Of life and salvation and taught me to pray,  
And taught me to pray.

The early shrill note of the loved nightingale,  
That dwelt in the bower I observed as my bell,  
To call me to duty; and birds in the air,  
Sang anthems of praises, as I went to prayer,  
As I went to prayer.

And Jesus my Savior oft deigned there to meet  
And bless with his presence my humble retreat;  
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,  
Inditing in Heaven's own language my prayer,  
Heaven's language my prayer.

Dear bower I must leave you and bid you adieu  
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;  
Well knowing my Savior is found every where,  
And can in all places give answer to prayer,  
Give answer to prayer.

Although I may never revisit thy shade,  
Yet oft shall I think on the vows I there made;  
And when at a distance my thoughts shall re-  
pair,  
To the place where my Savior first answered my prayer.

Fret answered my prayer.

My blessed redeemer, my hope and my all,  
Will guide and direct me when on him I call;  
And when I am dying he'll be with me there,  
And take me to Heaven in answer to prayer,  
In answer to prayer.

### The Fate of the Apostles.

The following brief history of the fate of the Apostles, we have never seen in a popular print till a day or two ago. It may be new to those whose reading has not been evangelic, to know that

St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at the city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets at Alexandria, in Egypt, until he expired.

St. Luke was hanged upon an Olive tree in Greece.

St. John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome, & escaped death! He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle, or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a sullen's club.

St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar, at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholemew was flayed alive, by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached unto the people until he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Caramandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simon Zealot was crucified in Persia.

St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews at Salama.

St. Paul was beheaded at Rome, by the tyrant Nero.

### Classes in the United States.

There is, strictly speaking, but one class in the whole country, and that is, the Working Class. There are a few exceptions, and only a few.

Look about you. Who is the Capitalist? Who the man who lives by any other means than that of personal exertions? Industry! We have a few in Cincinnati; there are some in almost every place but they are too scarce to be reckoned as a class; they do not affect the computation a perceptible fraction. Nothing is so common as to consider our society split into casts; and nothing is more absurd. We have not the biography of every man in this place who stands prominently out before the public, but had we, and how he started, and what he is now doing, we will venture the remark that they started laborers, and are laborers still; except in cases where their advanced age precludes it. We are saying nothing about a few mushroom upstarts, who mistakenly suppose themselves a higher order, because their fathers have pulled the oar of a floatboat, or shoved the Jack-plane, to the advantage of a few extra thousands; the old ones know what we say is true, and the young ones too, if they know any thing. But these degenerate plants of worthy sires are not "election," and when left to take the helm, will soon go ashore, in the first lessons of this universal labor. We say without the fear of refutation, that we are a nation of laborers, and any other view of the case is an Utopian fallacy. Capitalists! who are they? Where are they? The capital of the country is in the pockets of the millions, if it is where it rightly belongs. And if it is any where else, it is out on trust. We hear so much about the capitalist and the laborer, that one would think there existed two separate dynasties: the one holding the purse, and the other the utensils of industry. It is no such thing. If any one becomes your paymaster, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, you have earned the money he pays you in advance; he is nothing but your agent in reality, and holds the equivalent of your labor as a trust fund; take away this last feature of American industry and what is left? A cipher. Who then is the Capitalist? The principal, not the agent.—Who furnishes the articles of trade?—The laborer in fact. But the agent—the merchant, if you are better pleased with the latter term, or employer may suit you better still, is also a laborer; and actually in the majority of cases works harder, that is more hours of wearing fatigue, than the shop or field man. Whose money is the whole business of the country based upon? That of the few, or the many? The latter, certainly.—The argument then is, that we have but one class, and that is the laboring class, in the country; we have but one interest, and that is the laboring interest, to look after and unfetter.

Merchants, Mechanics, Farmers, Professional men, are all on the same footing, and all engaged in the same, one, undivided enterprise; and he who aims to divide one community into classes, aims to separate the people into hostile feuds and factions to prey upon one another—is dividing a family against itself, and is a weak and malicious enemy to us all; such a man, whether he has grown grey in the service of his country, or in toiling for himself, should be left alone to rave to himself as a political maniac, a fool, and we might with equal propriety, go to bedlam and listen to the ravings of its inmates, as to heed him.—[Cin. Bulletin.]

METHODISTS.—The increase of this sect in the United States is unparalleled. In 1755, five Methodists from

Ireland settled in New York one of whom was a preacher. His first sermon was preached in his own house to a congregation of five persons.—This was the first society in America. The number gradually increased, and in 1766 a Methodist meeting house was erected in John street, New York, near the location of the old theatre, used by the British officers of that day for their amusement. Both buildings were the first of the kind in this country. In 1816 a stately edifice was erected on the same spot, and that has been re-built so as to accommodate 3,000 persons. No bounds have marked the progress of this denomination, and their influence is exercised not merely in the populous cities but even to the sources of the Columbia river in Oregon, where regular stations are held.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

### Authorship.

It is mentioned that M. Thiers is to receive half a million of francs, or ninety-three thousand dollars, for his new History of the Consulate and Empire of France, in ten octavo volumes. This fact exhibits in a strong light the progress of civilization, by which the public pay for the works of the mind. The examples of superlative remuneration for literary production are not unfrequent in past history; but the rewards have been through the means of regal or aristocratic patronage. The poet sold his independence to his patron for a sum in expectation; and the flattery, if felicitous, and contained in a work of renown, was signally recompensed, so far as gold can pay a man for lying. The price, by Augustus to Virgil, for the prostitution of his poetical pen, is larger pay than the best magazine remuneration to authors of our time. It may be shrewdly surmised that Shakespeare's neat little puff of Queen Elizabeth did not go without its reward. The poet's dedication to his early noble patron was sufficiently humble to be paid for well.

But the days are well-nigh over when authors cringe to titled patrons. The great author now works not for a royal or noble house, his patrons are mankind. If he has the true stuff in his composition, he need not fear of success. What he puts forth will, if good and great, have its effects.—No true idea, when uttered, is lost. All praises, pulls, laudatory criticism—all the machinery for bolstering up a reputation by cliques, combinations, and partisan aids, help it not. These means may cheat people out of money, they may degrade the writer to the level of the speculating trader, but they cannot illustrate his genius, if he have it, or place his name in an immortal sphere, beyond the world's changes and corruptions.

When we look at the means taken to make literary reputations among authors, we are sickened at the folly, vanity, and avarice displayed, and yet we have to pity the poor scribes who must make a name to sell their wares; so they raise a mist before the public eye to swell their puny proportions to seeming magnitude, as the small man on the mountaintop is reflected as the colossus in the clouds above. But such authorship is as the lying priestcraft which pulls wires and makes thunder. No divinity stirs it; and hence it dies as falsehood dies.

The authorship of this country for the most part is not by men. It is the spawn of institutions. We pick up a book, and we are not permitted to judge of its intrinsic merits by a simple name, or without the name of its author. We are bullied at the outset into an admiration of the author. Some swelling title meets the eye, conferred by God knows whom—perhaps by one of the fifty colleges that are running a scrubrace for the purses of trumpey honors. All that is won of this means is a mockery of truth—what avails it in the scale of immortality which awaits genius? Is the human heart and the human head to be cheated into a belief that a name is a thing? When we see mystic capital letters attached to the name of an author, we are ready to exclaim, Thou, poor wretch, dost thou dream of fame by such means? Art thou not a man made upright? Why play the lame beggar? Why cringe and ask favors, as thou art sustained by the merest sticks of conventionalism—the crutches of custom? If thou art to walk forth a great man among nations—if glory is to arch the sky of futurity, thinkest thou that the cheap dispensations of men less than thyself will avail thee?

Scorn such things, and rely on thyself. There is no honor but what a man makes for himself. A great name (and who should covet a small one?) stands, pyramid-like, solitary, indestructible, and glorious. It even incline from the right line, as the leaning tower, it does not fall over. By this standard we need true men—simple and great in the field of letters—and not the invalid set of grown children; sucklings of one another's praises, and like royal mendicants tricked out in false finery, and asking favors in a tone which vibrates between bullying and whining.

### American Honesty.

The honesty of a people is to be properly measured, not by what is honest simply according to law, but what is honest from their spontaneous action. The one kind of honesty, though practical, may have no spirit of truth, but may merely spring from fear of punishment; the other arises from conscientious motives, and determines the existence of the principle itself. We hear a great deal of the infidelity of Americans to their pecuniary engagements; the cry has been iterated and reiterated until many people have come to the belief that their countrymen suffer in a comparison of integrity with the rest of the world. This scandal originated in the English and French journals, and in the books of insolent foreign tourists. If we look to the fact that the law regarding the collection of debts is so much less rigid in this country than abroad, we shall find that the superiority of honesty belongs to the Americans who are not forced in the same degree by legal enactments to meet their engagements. We have long been of opinion that the more left to the discretion of individuals by the government the better, the general safety being considered; and, according to this theory, the collection of debts being left to private management, they would become debts of honor, and would be incurred and paid accordingly. But a reliance on the power of government to collect them in case of necessity, interferes with the freedom of action, essential to the development of honest principles.

In exemplification of the fact of the existence of American honesty in a pre-eminent degree, notwithstanding the extensive denial given to it, we will quote a few foreign authorities.

One of the house of Barings, London, recently stated to an American dining with him, that the Americans were the most honest people in the world; for during the whole of his long experience, with the innumerable credits on their house that had been granted to Americans, not a single case had occurred of an improper application of the money.

Captain Marryat, in his travels, says, while in New York, that there is no legal mode for compelling the payment of debts. Afterwards, while in Buffalo and Rochester, commenting upon the size and appearance of the shops, he states that everybody obtained goods upon credit. The Edinburgh Review, commenting upon these two passages, says that they must be an extraordinary people, where everybody has credit, although debts cannot be recovered by process of law. So it is. The best evidence of honesty among a people is to be found in the existence of credit, as no one parts with his goods without expecting to be paid for them.

The difference between the official honesty of England and the United States is shown by the following:—Here losses of money by the post are of occasional, though of rare, occurrence. There, Colonel Maberly, Deputy Postmaster General, says, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that "a letter posted with money in it might as well be thrown down into the gutter as put into the post office." It is stated that the money contained in the dead-letter office sent to Washington monthly is \$5,000—a strong contrast to the other, and yet our offices are scattered over the wilds of this immense country.—[Ledger.]

THE FARMER.—It does one's heart good to see a merry round-faced farmer. So independent, and yet so free from vanities and pride.—So rich and yet so industrious—so patient and persevering in his calling, and yet so kind, social and obliging.—There are a thousand noble traits about his character. He is generally hospitable—eat and drink with him,

and he won't set a mark on you and sweat it out of you with double compound interest, as some I know will—you are welcome. He will do you kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—it is not so with every body. He is generally more honest and sincere—less disposed to deal in low and underhand cunning, than many I could name.—He gives society its best support—is the firmest pillar that supports the edifice of government—he is the lord of nature. Look at him in his homespun and grey, bucks—gentlemen! laugh at him if you will—but believe me, he can laugh back if he pleases.

### FORGIVENESS.

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Life is not a fairy dream, in which all the fairest and most beautiful of earth's blessings are strewn with lavish hand to bless and soothe us with their magic sweetness—but a stern reality, where we meet with frowns as well as smiles; where clouds, and storms, and tempests, succeed to the placid breeze and soft serenity of the blue etherial skies. Friends may meet us with a glad smile, yet part with angry frowns; the words spoken in jest, and intended as but the pleasing remark of a light, perhaps, volatile heart, may cause offence, and end in coldness and displeasure; and thus on through life's mazy ways we go with naught to cheer or soothe us but one bright thought—that forgiveness may follow in the path of error—that the kind heart of one who was estranged, because of an unintentional error, committed in a thoughtless and unguarded moment, but, remembering "with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," and in that spirit, which is a mark of true nobleness, he will extend the proffered hand, and speak from the eyes more effectually than words can speak, the language which his heart feels, that all is forgotten and forgiven.

In contemplating the heavens when the great luminary of light has hid his face beyond the western hills, and clothed all nature in a mantle of darkness, one star—*the star of hope*—vet our attention by its superior brilliancy. In casting our eyes over a ridge of mountains, some peak, towering its head above the rest, will call forth the expression of more than usual admiration; so will that person who, to the usual accomplishments of life, adds the rich treasure of a forgiving heart. We are all more or less prone to commit errors here, and as life's fleeting hours pass by, we do many things to offend those for whom we have the highest friendship; yet in the cultivation of this bright quality, these offences may be robbed of their sting, and around that path, which, but for this, might have been filled with wretchedness and affliction, may be thrown the richest garlands of peace and happiness.—[Presbyterianian.]

GOLDEN SANDS.—Whom may try a good man, but cannot imprint on him a false strain.

Whenever you give advice, be certain you have not made one enemy.

Men had better be answered for want of morals than want of understanding.

A woman, destitute of morals, will be more atrocious in her vices than a man. Devils were made from angels.

Opposition will often make a man great.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets instead of cables.

A man must have confidence in himself if he expects the world to have any in him.

Freedom and sound observation ever prepare a people for great and extensive enterprises.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next is good sense, the third good humor, and the last wit.

There are three things with which a man should always keep on good terms—with his wife (if he has one), his stomach, and his conscience.

Never neglect an opportunity of giving your advice to others. It shows your superiority, at which they will be very much pleased.—[N. O. Crescent City.]

CANAL OF THE DIQUE.—We learn, says the Philadelphia "Spirit," that a company is made up in our city, for the purpose of constructing a canal of some magnitude, called the "Canal of the Dique," in the Republic of New

Grenada. The design of this work is to connect the bay of Carthage with the river Magdalena, by which means, this important port will have a connected inland navigation, reaching one thousand miles into the interior, and leaving but sixty-five miles of land carriage to the city of Bogota, the capital of that Republic. The work will be under the direction of G. M. Totton, chief engineer, and J. C. Troutwine, principal assistant engineer. The contractors are Messrs. William Stephens, Andrew Hague, Samuel H. Kneass, and H. J. Lombard.

GOLD.—God of the craven heart! idol of millions! how splendid are thy temples! how zealous are thy worshippers! They gather around thy smile in the morning; they leave not thy devotions at midnight. Thou smilest upon them, and they grow up in the midst of their palaces. They make themselves monarchs in fancy, and conquerors in dreams. Who can understand thee? Thou leadest the feet of beauty; thou directest the arm of the brave; thy pathway is the pathway of triumphs; thy presence the solace of power! Thou silenced the voice of eloquence when the Macedonian held thee up glittering before the eye of the orator; and mistress of the world rose before thee in the balance. Disposer of empires! thou spreadest over the world. Thy spell nerved the assassin, and urged on the betrayer. Thy yellow visage incited the spoiler when he sought thee on the crimson field, and made himself red in the carnage. In all ages thou hast triumphed; whether in the thirty pieces rewarding a Judas, or the sparkling crown, on the brow of a tyrant, always alike invincible. The man of business bows obsequiously to thee; the man of fashion falls before thee; and the miser clutches thy garments as though it were the curtains of heaven. Thou hast a retinue of coaches, and an army of slaves. Thou hast a goal of splendid misery, where guilt makes her alliance with death. The virgin at the sanctuary fears not thy foot-steps; and the shorn priest flings not the power of thy magic.—[Globe.]

AN INSULT WELL ANSWERED.—At a late Democratic meeting in Virginia, Maj. Davezac (Jackson's companion in arms at New Orleans) was one of the speakers. After he had concluded, a Whig asked the privilege of replying, which was granted, when he commenced taunting Maj. D. with being a "foreigner!" to which he replied:

Sir: I am sorry to interrupt you, but I can permit no man to use such language in my presence. Judging from your appearance, I was an American citizen before you were born. I have a son, born an American citizen, older than you. As for myself, I have been four times naturalized.—I was naturalized by the sanctity of the treaty of Louisiana, the highest form of law known to the Constitution. The rights of an American citizen were conferred upon me by the law creating the Territorial Government of Louisiana; and I was admitted to all the rights, blessings, and obligations which belong to you, my fellow-citizens, by the law bringing the State of Louisiana into our glorious Confederacy." Then turning to the Whig speaker, his eye flashed as on the plains of New Orleans, and his heart swelling with the majesty of old recollections, he continued: "Sir, you look now as if you desired to know where and when was the fourth time of my naturalization, and who were my sponsors? The consecrated spot on which I received the right of naturalization was the battleground of New Orleans; the altar was victory; the baptismal water was blood and fire; and Andrew Jackson was my godfather; and glory, were my godmothers." The mighty mass of listeners rose spontaneously, and gave nine cheers for our gallant speaker. The coon was soon missing.

SLAVES LIBERATED.—Nathaniel H. Hooe, of King George's county, Va. lately deceased, left, by his will, nearly all his slaves free, amounting to some two or three hundred, with ample provisions to carry them to Liberia. The liberated slaves are to be removed under the direction of the Colonization Society.